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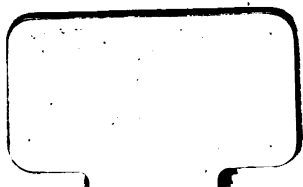
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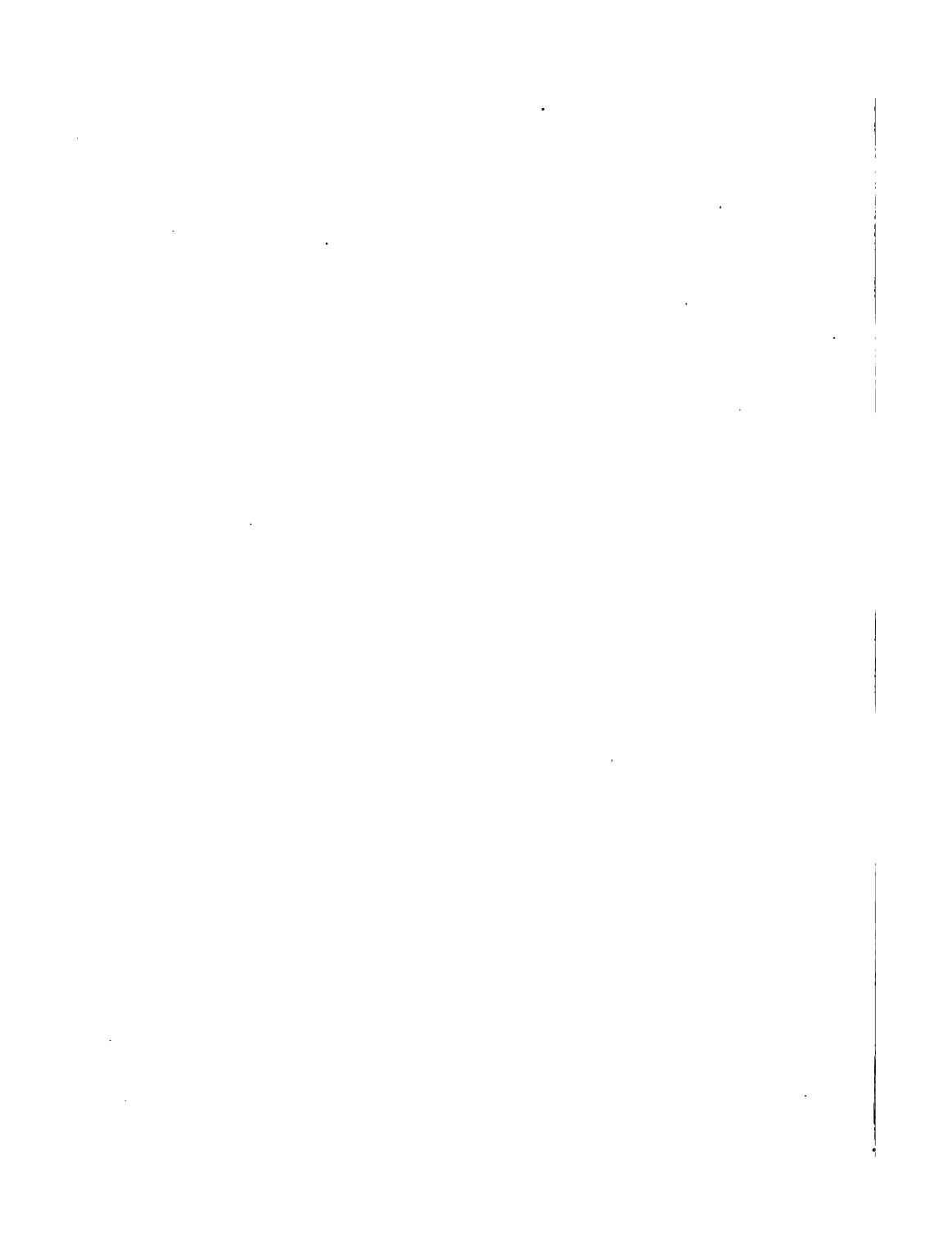
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NURSERY TALES.







WILLY; OR, THE HAPPY DAY.

Nursery Tales,

BY

MRS. MOTHERLY,

AUTHOR OF "NURSERY POETRY."

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

BY C. S. LANE.



LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1860.

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WILLY; OR, THE HAPPY DAY.

THERE was once a little boy named Willy; he was about five years old when his Uncle gave him a very pretty book to read. The book was full of stories about little boys and girls, just as this is. One day he had been reading it for some time, when his Mamma came into the room, and said she would take him out to walk with her. Willy always liked to walk with his Mamma, so he made haste to put away the new book, and fetched his hat and gloves. When they were in the street,

Willy's Mamma asked him what he had been reading about in the book, and Willy said :—

“ About a little girl who wanted to do just as she liked ; so her Mamma said she might do everything she pleased for one day ; and the little girl cut her own bread and butter, and let the knife slip, and cut her finger ; then she ate so much sugar that she was sick ; and she put on her pretty white frock to play in the garden, and tore it, so that a few days after she could not go out with her Mamma, because she had no nice dress ; and at last she went up a ladder, which the nurse never would let her go up, and when she was up very high, she heard a noise in the garden ; it was the cat fighting with a strange kitten, Mamma ; and the little girl looked round all at once to see what it was, and while she was looking she put her foot on the wrong part of the ladder. I mean she only put her toe on the step, Mamma—there is a picture of it in the book—so her foot slipped, and she fell down and was almost killed. That was the end of

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her day of doing what she liked ; was she not a silly little girl ? ”

Willy's Mamma said, “ She was a very silly little girl. She was rather silly for wishing to do as she liked, and not knowing that she was much happier while her Mamma was taking the trouble to tell her what to do, and what not to do ; and then she was very silly, when her Mamma allowed her to do as she pleased, to do such silly things as cut bread, and eat sugar, and get up a ladder.”

Then Willy said, “ I was thinking, Mamma, that if you would let me do as I liked, just one day, I am almost sure I should not get into any harm ; for I should not be so foolish as to do things you had told me not to do, like going near the fire, or getting up ladders ; but I would just see if it was happier to do what I pleased, instead of learning lessons, and going out only when some one would take me. For I am sure I could walk alone now—will you let me try, one day ? ”

Mamma said, “ I am afraid lest you should have

some accident, like the little girl in the story. That would make me very unhappy. I know you would not do anything which you knew was silly and dangerous, but you are not old enough to know always when a thing is so."

Willy said if his Mamma would only try one day, he would be very much obliged to her, and would take great care not to go near any fire or water, or up any high places, or near any holes, or on the road where there were horses and carriages ; so, after a little while, Mamma said he might try to-morrow, if he always told her what he was going to do ; so that she could stop him from doing anything that was likely to hurt him.

When they went home again, Willy told Nurse, and Papa, and all the servants, and his little sister Maggie, that he was to do just as he pleased to-morrow, and that everyone was to mind what he said, all the day. Little Maggie said she would not ; so Mamma promised Willy to send her over to Grandmamma's, as soon as she had had her break-

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fast the next morning, so that she should not tease him on his happy day. After Willy had told everyone about it, he wished to-morrow would come ; and long before it was bed-time, he asked Nurse to put him to bed, so that he might make haste and wake up and find it to-morrow.

He was a long time before he went to sleep, but at last he did ; then it seemed to him a very little time before he opened his eyes, and saw the sun shining.

Now as Willy was determined not to do anything foolish or unkind, he did not wake Nurse to dress him, though he was in a great hurry to be dressed ; but he dressed himself as much as he could, and said his prayers, and then fetched his story-book to read till nurse woke up. He soon found he was too happy about his happy day to care for reading ; so he ran down-stairs and opened all the shutters for cook, and pumped some jugs full of water and poured them into the kettle for her. He spilt a little water in doing this, but not

much ; then he went up, and found Nurse awake. Nurse kissed him for not waking her up, and made haste to finish dressing him. So Willy felt very happy indeed. After he had kissed little Maggie, and told her all about the day he was to have, he went down to his Mamma, who was making the tea.

He said to her, “ Mamma, I should like to have breakfast with you to-day.” And Mamma said, “ Very well.” So he sat down and had real tea, like Papa’s, and an egg, and some toast ; but he took great care not to eat too much. Then he told his Mamma that he was going to try how much good he could do, as well as trying how happy he could be, so he said he should like now to dig part of a great bed his Papa was making haste to get dug in the garden. Mamma smiled, and said, “ Very well.”

As Willy was going in the garden, he heard Cook saying to Nurse, “ I am all behind this morning, for Master Willy has wetted my hearth,

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and rusted the fire-irons, and fender ; and I could not make my fire light, for the wood was wet, and I had not another bundle. I suppose we shall have fine work with him before the day is over."

Nurse said, " The poor child wanted to help you, so he filled the kettle."

Cook said, " I know he wished to be kind ; but he did me more harm than good."

Willy ran away to the garden, for he felt a little ashamed, and he did not wish Cook to know he had heard what she said.

Papa's great spade was standing in the bed. Willy remembered that though he was not allowed to use it, it was only because everyone said he could not dig with it, so he thought there could be no harm in trying whether he could. He put it a little way in the ground, then he stamped on it with both his feet ; first one, and then the other, yet it only went a little way down ; then he stood upon it, this made it go much further, and Willy now wished to lift the mould up. This was very hard

to do, so he pulled the spade downwards by hanging back on it. All at once, up it came, and down he went, backwards. The black mould flew over his head on to the gravel path, and the spade tumbled among some flowers. Willy hurt himself very much, but he scarcely cared at all for that ; it made him so much more unhappy to see the black mould on Papa's nice clean gravel. He rubbed his head a little, and then picked up as much of the mould as he could ; but still the gravel looked very dirty, so he fetched the garden broom and swept it ; but he found the gravel came too, and when he had swept up all the dirt, he had made the path quite uneven, by taking away so much gravel. Now he did not know what to do, but all at once he remembered he had seen some gravel in a field, where Nurse would never let him go, because of the cows. He thought he would go and see if the cows were in the field to-day ; for, if not, he could go in and fetch a basketful of gravel to put down, instead of that which he had swept away.

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Willy remembered that he was to tell his Mamma before he did anything. So he told her he was going to see if the cows were in the gravel field.

Mamma said, "Very well ; but you must not go anywhere else."

Willy said he would not, and he went straight to the field. I am sorry to say there were two cows in the field, so poor Willy did not know what to do. At last he thought that as they were quite at the other end, and the gravel hole was close to the hedge, he might go in and get some gravel, because if he saw the cows coming towards him, he could run out of the field, or else jump through a hole, which he saw in the hedge, close to the gravel. So he went in, and began to fill his basket.

While he was very busy, a boy went into the field, and ran after the cows. He was only playing with them, but Willy did not see the boy, and he saw, all at once, a cow come running towards the part of the field where he was. He was too

much frightened to look again ; he only turned round to find the hole in the hedge, and in a minute he squeezed himself through it.

Now Willy had forgotten to look and see what was on the other side ; this was very silly ; for there might have been a great pond, then he would have been drowned. I am glad to say there was not a pond ; but there was a very deep ditch, with a little water in it, and a great deal of sticky mud. Down Willy fell to the bottom of the ditch.

Poor little fellow, he hurt his foot, and bent his leg, so that it gave him great pain ; and he scratched his hands with some thorns ; yet all this would not have made him cry, if he had been on nice clean grass, and could have jumped up and run home ; but think how unhappy he must have been, when he found himself at the bottom of a deep ditch, with his feet sticking in the mud, and all his clothes covered with dirt ! Do you not think this would have made you cry ? Willy did not cry at first ; but when he tried to get out, and found that he

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only slipped down again every time, and when he lost one of his shoes in the water and mud, and his hat fell off and sank into the water, he could not help crying. Soon he tried to walk along the ditch to some place where he could get up more easily ; but he found it very difficult to walk, for the mud was so deep, and sticky, that he could hardly lift up his feet ; and even when he had walked a long way, he did not find any place where he could get up, and the ditch had more and more water in it as he went on. Then poor Willy stood still and began to cry bitterly. He said, “ Oh, dear, dear ! I shall have to stay here till night. What shall I do when it grows dark ? ”

Just then he heard a kind voice saying, “ Why, Willy, my poor child, are you there ? ”

Who do you think it was ?

It was Nurse. Willy's kind Mamma was afraid he might get into some harm, so she had sent Nurse to watch him. When Nurse saw him go through the hedge, she went into the next field by

the gate, and as she did not go close to the hedge, she did not see the ditch, but looked all over the field, and among the trees for him. When she could not find him, she thought he must be hidden in the hedge, so she went to look ; then she saw the ditch, and was very much frightened, lest he should be drowned in some deep part ; so she was quite glad to see him at last, though he was crying, and all his clothes were spoilt.

The ditch was so deep that even Nurse could not get him out directly ; but she did after trying a few times. Willy felt very glad to be on nice dry grass, and he wanted to kiss and hug Nurse, but she could not let him, as it would have made her dirty ; she took off her shawl, and covered it all over him ; then she carried him home. As soon as Willy was at home, he asked Nurse to wash him, and put him on clean things, before she told Mamma of his accident ; for he could not bear to let Mamma see him looking so dirty. When he was clean, he ran down and told Mamma all about it ;

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and said, " So now, Mamma, I have done so much harm, and spoiled all my clothes, I do not wish to do as I like any more."

Mamma said, " I should like you to go on doing as you like till you go to bed ; for it is better to finish the whole day, then you can be more sure whether it is happy or not to have your own way."

Then Willy said, " Well, Mamma, I like to do something you tell me to do." So Mamma told him to stick some pins for her in the pincushion. As there were a great many pins, this took Willy a long while to do, and when he had finished it was time for dinner.

At dinner Willy only took those things which he was always allowed to have ; for though he would have liked very much to eat some macaroni, and some cherry pie, he felt sure it would be wiser not to do so, since Mamma knew best ; and she always said, on other days, that these things were bad for him.

After dinner he went into the garden, and tried to fill up the place where he had swept away the gravel. To do this, he took a little gravel from the edges of the path, where it did not show much. This made the place look a little better ; but still it was not so smooth and clean as the other parts. Then he picked up Papa's spade, and put it away in the tool house, and went in to see if he could help Cook to do anything, for he wished very much to do some good. Cook said no ; but Willy asked her so very much to let him sift some of the cinders, that at last she said he might, if he put on a pinafore. So Willy sifted for about an hour ; then he said, " See, Cook, I have done them all, and I have not made myself dirty, excepting my hands. Now I have done something well !" So he was very much pleased, and ran to tell Mamma, and to ask her for something else to do. Mamma gave him some cotton to wind, and that kept him busy till Papa came home to tea. Willy told Papa about the gravel, and Papa went out to look at it. He said,

“Never mind, my boy, I will have a little fresh gravel put down. You have not done much harm.” Just then he saw something on the flower-bed, and said, “Oh, dear, dear! who broke off my yellow rose?” Willy was going to say, “I did not,” but all at once he remembered how the spade had fallen among the flowers. So then he knew the spade must have broken the yellow rose off. He said, “Are you very sorry, Papa?” Papa said, “Yes, I am, indeed. I would rather have given a guinea than have had it broken. Who can have done it?” Willy could not bear to say he had; for he knew a guinea meant a great deal of money, and that poor Papa must be very sorry. So he ran to Mamma, and said, “Oh, Mamma, do put me to bed, and make this unhappy day leave off; then tell Papa I dropped the spade and broke the rose!”

Mamma put him to bed, and she said, “Now, dear Willy, should you like to try another day?” Willy said, “Oh no, Mamma! I have scarcely

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done anything but harm, except sifting the cinders, and doing your pins and cotton." Mamma said, " Even sifting the cinders was not of much use, because cook could have done them in five minutes with her sifter, and it gave her more trouble to watch you, and show you how to do them, than to sift them herself. And putting the pins in my cushion, and winding the cotton, were things you do on other days, whenever you ask me to let you help me, so you must not count them. Have you done nothing else useful ?" Willy thought of filling the kettle, digging, going for the gravel, and all the other things he had done, and then he said, " No, Mamma, and I have only kept myself from doing harm when I have done the same as I did on other days. So now I am quite sure it is best to let you tell me always what to do."

Soon afterwards Papa came up and kissed Willy, and forgave him for breaking off the rose-bud. Then Willy fell asleep, and so ended his Happy Day.



ALFRED AND DEIGHTON ; OR, THE KIND MAMMA.



ALFRED AND DEIGHTON; OR, THE
KIND MAMMA, WHO PUNISHED
HER CHILDREN.

THERE was once a little boy named Alfred, who had a dear kind Mamma, who loved him very much, and a dear little brother named Deighton. Alfred's Mamma always punished her children when they were naughty, because she really loved them, and wished to make them good and happy. Sometimes she was very busy writing, or talking to some one, just as one of the little boys did a naughty thing. It would have been very easy to ring the bell, and say, " Mary, take the little boys away,

and keep them happy up in the nursery ; give them something nice, and make them quiet." But she would not do this, because it would not have taught them to be good. Instead of ringing the bell, and sending them away to have something nice, or to play, she left off writing or talking, and took a great deal of trouble to find out which had been naughty, and then she punished the naughty one.

If her little boys were good, she was very, very kind to them ; she played with them, told them stories, mended their toys, taught them new games, and did all she could to make them happy. So you see she did two things to make them happy ; she punished them when they were naughty, and she played with them when they were good.

I dare say you think it was much more kind of this Mamma to play with her children than to punish them, but it was not ; she did both because she loved them. I will tell you a little more about them all ; then perhaps, when the story is ended, you will think the Mamma was always kind.

One day Alfred went to spend the afternoon with a little friend. The friend's name was Edward. As the day was very fine, Alfred and Edward were allowed to play alone in some fields that were at the end of the garden, and belonged to Edward's Papa.

After looking for mushrooms and blackberries for a long while, the little boys began to want some other amusement. Edward said, "Let us climb up that tree; I am sure we can, for the trunk is very rough, and has a great many little places where we can put our feet."

Alfred said, "But it will tear our coats, and make us dirty. Look at all that soft green stuff!"

Edward said, "Never mind, it won't hurt us, it will only hurt our coats."

Alfred had heard Edward's Mamma say to him, "Take care of your new coat if I let you go out alone;" so he said, "But your Mamma will be sorry, and she will punish you."

Edward did not seem to care for making his Mamma sorry; he only said, "Punish me! that

she will not : you don't suppose my Mamma ever punishes me ; she is too kind for that. She often tells me not to climb ; yet when I do it she only laughs, and says, ' What a bold boy he is ! ' ”

Alfred felt very much ashamed, and afraid lest Edward should ask him if he was ever punished ; for he did not like to say that his Mamma was less kind than Edward's Mamma. As the maid came just then to call them to tea, Edward said no more about it, and Alfred went home as soon as tea was over.

The next day, as Alfred was sitting with his Mamma, he said, “ Mamma, do you only love me sometimes ? I think you cannot love me and feel kind, even when you punish me.”

Mamma said, “ I do love you always, but I am not pleased with you when you are naughty. I punish you because I love you, and wish to make you good.”

Alfred said, “ Oh, Mamma, that is very strange. I always feel very angry and unkind if I punish

Deighton. I slapped him yesterday for breaking my horse, you know, and I am sure I did not love him then."

"My dear little boy," said Mamma, "this is because you are too young to punish any one yet. You did not slap Deighton, to punish him and make him good, for he was not naughty; he trod on your horse without knowing it. You slapped him because you were vexed and angry, and wished to hurt him. I never wish to hurt you, I only wish to make you good, and if I am obliged to punish you, it makes me very sorry. It did not make you sorry to hurt Deighton."

"No, Mamma," said Alfred, a little ashamed, "I even liked to hurt him then; but I should not now, for I am not angry."

Mamma then said, "I never punish you because I like to hurt you. If you have been naughty, I know that I must do something to stop you from growing worse; but if you did ever so much harm by accident, I should not wish to hurt you; and as

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you would not have meant to be naughty, I should not punish you at all. Now I will tell you a story about a gentleman who did not punish his child, and you will see how much harm came from it. I once knew a boy who was very fond of shooting with a real gun ; his Father told him it was very dangerous, and said he must never do it again ; but the boy did it again very often ; his Father did not punish him, it would have given him trouble, and have made him unhappy to see the boy crying ; so he only said, ‘ You are a very naughty boy ;’ and took the gun away.

“ One day the boy had another gun lent to him, and he wished to kill a bird with it. Just as he was going to shoot the bird, it flew down to its nest in a hedge ; the boy thought the best way would be to shoot it on the nest, so he shot—bang !—at the hedge.

“ All at once he heard some one scream out ; and what do you think he had done ? His dear little brother, whom he loved very very much, was being

drawn in a little cart behind the hedge, and some of the shots had gone through the hedge into his eye.

“ I cannot tell you how unhappy the boy was when he found he had made his dear darling little brother blind in one of his eyes. The poor little fellow cried very much from the pain ; but when he saw how sorry the boy was who had done it, he said, ‘ Never mind, brother, I will try not to cry any more.’

“ The boy was afraid to go home and see his Father and Mother after he had done such a sad thing ; but the nurse went, and took the dear little fellow with her. When the Father saw what was done, he burst out crying, just like a child, and said, ‘ It is my fault ; I ought to have punished my boy for shooting. If I had given him a little pain some time ago, we should not all be so unhappy now !’

“ It would take me a long time to tell you how unhappy all the family were, and are still, about their little darling’s eye. The boy who let off the gun often wished he had been severely punished

before the accident happened, for no punishment could have been half so bad as that sad one, which he brought on himself, of making his dear little brother blind. But it is of no use ; no punishment, or sorrow, can now give back to that poor little fellow the eye that he has lost."

Alfred thought this a very sad story, and said he should like better to be punished than to grow naughty, and shoot out Deighton's eye.

About a week after Mamma had told Alfred this story she bought him a very nice pair of boots, just like a man's. She gave a great deal of money for them, and told him he must take care of them. It happened soon after this that Alfred was walking out with Mamma, and they came to a very large puddle, in the middle of the road. Mamma said, " We must go round to the end of this puddle, for it will wet our feet."

Alfred said, " Oh no, Mamma ! I can go through it, because my boots are like a man's ;" and he jumped into the middle of it.

If you have ever thrown a stone in water you will know it makes the water splash a little ; but Alfred was much heavier than a large stone, so he made it splash a great deal ; and it went all over his coat, and hat, and face, and besides this, the water splashed even to Mamma, and it quite spoiled her dress, and made her shawl very dirty.

Now think a little while, and try to guess if Mamma was very angry with him for doing all this harm. I dare say you will think “ Yes ;” but she was not ; because Alfred really thought Mamma was only afraid of his making his feet wet, and he thought she must have forgotten his thick boots, and he did not know the water would splash so much. Mamma knew all this, and though it had done a great deal of mischief, yet she was not half so angry as she would have been if he had not done so much harm, but had done what he knew was wrong. She only said, “ Alfred, you ought not to have gone through the water without waiting till I answered. I would have told you how it

would spoil your clothes. Now you have done a great deal of harm. Be sure to wait for my answer another time before you do a thing differently to what I tell you." Then she was obliged to go home at once, instead of taking the walk she intended.

When they were at home, Mamma told Alfred he must never tread in the water, even with his new boots on ; because, though the thick boots did not let the water wet his feet, the wet spoiled his boots. Alfred said he would be sure to remember, and he was very much obliged to his Mamma for forgiving him for all the harm he had done ; but he really had not intended to be naughty.

About a week after this Alfred was sitting in a pleasant field with Deighton, when a little lamb came close up to them, and ate the grass out of their hands ; this pleased them very much, and they asked Nurse if they might run to another part of the field, where the grass was longer. Nurse said, " Yes ;" but she did not go too, because she was

reading, and she liked to sit under a shady tree.

When the little boys had given the lamb as much grass as it would eat, they looked round for something else to amuse them, and they saw some running water.

Little Deighton said, "Oh, how funny, my foot stops it!" and he put his foot for a minute in the water, between two stones, then the water ran outside the stones. Alfred tried, but his foot was too large to go between the stones, so he called back Deighton and asked him to do it again, and stood by and showed Deighton how to do it in a great many different ways.

Now Alfred knew that Deighton was spoiling his shoes, and knew that Mamma would be sorry to have them spoiled, but he enjoyed the play so very much that he did not stop him.

It often happens that when people like to do a naughty thing, they try to think it is not naughty—so Alfred thought. "Mamma told me not to spoil

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my new boots, but Deighton is so very little, and besides, he only has shoes on." After some time Nurse called them to go home.

When they were having their hats and coats taken off, Nurse said, " Why, Deighton, your shoes are wet! how did you make them so?"

Deighton told her; then Mamma, who was in the nursery, called Alfred, and asked him if he had trodden in the water too.

Alfred said, " No, Mamma."

Mamma said, " Did you try to stop Deighton?"

Little Deighton cried out, " No, Mamma, he told me to do it, and showed me all the different ways of putting my foot in. We did not know it was naughty, did we Alfred?"

Now Alfred felt that he should be ashamed to say anything silly to his Mamma, though he had thought that foolish thing to himself about Deighton's being little, and having shoes and not boots; for he knew that however small Deighton was, and whatever kind of shoes or boots he had on, Mamma

did not like him to spoil them ; so he only looked down at the ground and felt ashamed. At last he said, “ But, Mamma, he has not splashed himself, or me either, nor done any harm ; so do not punish him.”

Then Mamma took Alfred on her knee, and said, “ Do you not remember when you jumped into the puddle I did not punish you, because, though you did a great deal of harm, you did not mean to be naughty. Now, to-day, you have done very little harm, but you *did* mean to be naughty. I want you to remember that I do not punish you for doing harm, but for being naughty. If you persuaded Deighton to put his feet in the water, you were just as naughty as if you had put your own feet in—were you not ?”

Alfred always told the truth ; so he said, “ Yes, Mamma, and I did not put my foot because it was too large.”

Then Mamma said, “ I must punish you now, and I hope you will always remember to do what

30 *Alfred and Deighton ; or,*

you know it is right for you to do ; I am quite sure you knew it was wrong to persuade little Deighton to wet his feet." Mamma told Nurse the punishment was to be putting Alfred's new boots on a high shelf for three days ; so all that time he would not be able to walk out. Deighton was not punished at all, because he had not meant to do wrong.

The next day, when Mamma had her bonnet on and came to the nursery for Deighton, Alfred felt very sorry that he could not go with them ; but he was not so silly as to make a noise and cry, for that would have done no good, but would have stopped Nurse from playing with him ; he tried to be as happy as he could, and did not think very much about the punishment.

The next day Aunt Jane came and said she would take the little boys over to see a new kitten she had just had given to her. Alfred ran up and put on his hat ; but when he came into the drawing-room Aunt Jane said, " Why, Alfred, are you going out in those thin shoes ? It is very wet out of doors ; I cannot take you so."

Then Alfred remembered about the boots, and he could not help crying ; but he cried only a little, and did not make a noise ; and he told Aunt Jane about his punishment.

Mamma said, “ Do not cry, Alfred. If Deighton will not mind waiting till your three days are over, I am sure Aunt will come again then, and take you both together.”

Aunt said, “ That I will, with great pleasure ; and then you can stay to tea. You could not have done so to-night, for I am going out at six o'clock.”

Dear little Deighton said he would wait, and Alfred felt much happier ; yet it was a long while to stay till the day after to-morrow.

The next day Mamma took Deighton out again, and Nurse was busy putting away some things in a closet ; she said Alfred could not help her, so he had to sit all alone in the nursery. While he was there he thought how foolish he was just for a little pleasure—just seeing the water run curiously for a few minutes—to make all this unhappiness of

32 *Alfred and Deighton ; or,*

staying at home three days ; and he quite made up his mind never to do what he knew was wrong again.

At last the next day came, and at four o'clock he had on his nice strong boots. Aunt came again and took both the little boys home with her, and there they saw the sweet little kitten ; besides this, there was a toy for each of them. Alfred had a box of soldiers, and Deighton had a trumpet, which he could blow very loudly indeed.

When they had finished tea, Uncle came in, and pretended to be a bear. Oh, how the little boys laughed when he crawled about, and how they jumped on his back ! It was such fun ! At eight o'clock Nurse came to fetch them away, and they were very good and went, without complaining or crying, directly they heard she was come.

As they were walking home they saw an old gentleman carrying two parcels. One, they knew, had cakes in it, for he took out two, and gave them each one ; then he walked on before.



FREDDY ; OR, THE GREEDY LITTLE BOY.

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Now as he was walking, Alfred saw that a pretty ribbon was in the other parcel, and it was just falling out into the mud, and the old gentleman did not see it. Alfred knew he must be taking the ribbon home to some lady, and that he would be very sorry to have it spoiled, so just as he saw it was going to fall down, he ran up to the gentleman, and caught hold of it. While he was doing so, his little foot slipped from the edge of the path, and he fell on to the dirty road ; still the roll of ribbon was not hurt, for he held that up.

The old gentleman picked Alfred up, and said he was very much obliged to him for saving the ribbon. He said, " This ribbon is for my daughter, and I should have been very sorry if it had been spoiled, for I promised to take it to her to-night, and I have just paid fifteen shillings for it." Then he gave Alfred all his bag of cakes.

When he was gone, Nurse was sorry to see Alfred so dirty, and she said his Mamma would be very angry with him. Alfred felt unhappy about

this too, and he could not eat the cakes till he had seen his dear Mamma. At last they saw Mamma at the window, watching for them. Alfred ran in to her, and said, " Oh, Mamma, I am afraid you will be very angry with me ! I have made myself all muddy again ; let me tell you how it was."

Mamma said, " Wait a moment ; you know all about it yourself, though I do not : tell me first if you deserve to be punished, and if I ought to be angry."

Alfred thought a little while ; he remembered that he did not mean to do any harm, so he said, " No, Mamma, I do not think I was naughty, so now I am almost sure you will not be angry." Then he told her all about it, and said afterwards, " I have spoiled my pretty soldiers, for I threw the box down when I ran, so that I might have my hands empty to catch the ribbon, and they all went in the mud."

Then Mamma kissed him, and said, " You have not been at all naughty. It was very right to wish

to save the ribbon for the kind gentleman; and since you threw away your toys to help him, I see you really were in a hurry, and that it was quite by accident that you went too near the road. Now go and be washed, and when you have read, to-morrow, you shall have these cakes to play with, and as there are so many, you may give some to Papa, and me, and Deighton, and all the servants."

As the children were kissing Mamma, and bidding her good night, Papa came into the room; he said :

" I have sad news for you, my boys. As I was passing the house of Edward's father I saw two carriages at the door. One, I knew, was the carriage of Dr. Marshall; and when I spoke to the coachman, he told me that the other belonged to a very clever doctor who was come from London. I went to the door to hear who was so ill as to need these two doctors. The servant told me that poor little Edward was climbing a tree in one of the

fields, a few hours ago, when he set his foot on a dead branch which snapped, and let him fall to the ground. He has broken his arm in two places, and they are very much afraid that it will have to be cut off."

Alfred's eyes filled with tears. He hid his face on Mamma's shoulder, and said, " Oh, Mamma, I am so sorry for poor little Edward ! and dear, dear Mamma, I shall always know that there cannot be a Mamma more kind than you ! "





FREDDY ; OR, THE GREEDY LITTLE BOY.



AM now going to tell you about a little boy named Freddy, who was rather greedy.

One day his Mamma gave him a bunch of raisins ; he ran into the garden to eat them, though it was very cold, and he would have liked better to sit by the nursery fire.

Why do you think he did this ? I will tell you : because his little sisters Emma and Rosy were in the nursery, and Freddy knew that if they saw the raisins they would wish to have some of them ; so he went round and round the gravel

walk, eating his raisins as fast as he could, because he felt cold, and wished to make haste in to the nursery fire, which he knew was blazing brightly, because he could see the nursery window looking quite red with its light.

At last he had eaten them all, so he went in almost crying with the cold, for his hands and cheeks smarted. The fire soon made him warm, and his little sisters began to play with him, so that presently he was very happy.

Now I want you to remember that he was not happy while he was cold in the garden, even though his mouth was full of sweet raisins, for he was almost ready to cry, and he made great haste to eat his raisins that he might go in. Freddy was rather greedy, so he thought he must be happy with something nice in his mouth ; but you see he was not happy, for we are never happy if we are almost crying ; and if he had been happy he would not have been in such a hurry to get in doors. But he did not think about this, and the next day,

The Greedy Little Boy. 39

when Mamma gave each of the children a piece of cake, he went out of the nursery again, to eat it alone; first he went in the bedroom, but he heard Rosy coming, so he ran into a great closet, and ate up his cake. As he came out of the closet, Mamma came into the room; she said, "Why have you been in that dark closet?"

Freddy was rather ashamed to tell her, but as he could not be so wicked as to tell a story, he said, "To eat my cake."

Mamma said, "Why did you not eat it in the nursery?"

"Because I heard Rosy and Emma giving some of their cake to Nurse, and I thought Nurse would want some of mine."

Mamma was very sorry to find her little boy so greedy, and she told him that he would find himself much happier if he did not care so much about nice things. Freddy could scarcely believe this; but he knew his Mamma always spoke the truth, so he said he would try to care less for nice things, and to give some away now and then.

Mamma said she would advise him always to give part of everything he had to his sisters ; and she went into the nursery, and told the little girls always to give part of their nice things to Freddy. Then she gave them all some raisins, and told them to play with them all together.

When Mamma was gone, Nurse took out a little box of dolls' plates and dishes, and said the children might have them to play with ; this pleased them all very much.

Soon they began to play at ladies and gentlemen having dinner, and afterwards, Rosy pretended to be ill, while Emma was the mamma, and Freddy the doctor, who gave her the medicine. I suppose you know that the medicine was really little bits of raisin. At first Freddy was very angry, because Rosy would pretend to be ill so long, that she wanted a great deal of medicine ; and he was angry too with Emma for taking a very large dinner, while she was pretending to be the mamma, because she said she was so tired with nursing her ill

The Greedy Little Boy. 41

daughter ; but soon he was so much amused with the play, that he did not think about the raisins.

The play was very funny ; for Emma pretended to carry Rosy like a baby, to show her to the doctor, (you remember Freddy was the doctor,) and just as she was holding her out for the doctor to see, Rosy moved, and made Emma tumble down off the stool, where she was standing ; Freddy said, “ Oh, Madam, I am very sorry to see you fall down ! ” And he was going to pick her and Rosy up, but Rosy pulled his foot and made him fall too ; so they all rolled on the ground, mamma, and baby, and doctor. This made them all laugh so loudly that Mamma came to see what the noise was about.

She was very much pleased to see them so happy, and said, “ Why, Freddy, what is making you so happy ? ”

Freddy said, “ The raisins, Mamma.”

Mamma said, “ No, dear, it is the funny play, I think.”

Now which do you think was right ? I will tell

you a little more about Freddy, then you will see.

Every time Freddy had something nice, he gave a part to his sisters, not because he wished to do so, but because his Mamma had told him. He generally liked best to give it them in some funny play, as he had done with the raisins, then they all enjoyed themselves very much.

One wet day, when the children could not take a walk, and Mamma was busy with some ladies down-stairs, Freddy, and Emma, and Rosy, had played with all their toys till they were tired. At last, Emma said, " Let us play at ladies and gentlemen. Nurse, do get us some cake, or something nice, and let us have the box of plates and dishes."

Nurse said she would see what she could do, and she went down-stairs. Soon she came up again, and said cook had no cake, nor anything nice, but she had brought them a little bread, because that would do just as well as cake to play with.

Freddy said, " Oh, but we are not hungry, we

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do not want bread, we want something sweet!" Still, as they could not get anything better, they began to play with the bread.

This time Freddy was a policeman, and Emma a baker, selling bread ; Rosy pretended to be a thief, and she came in very softly, and took away a loaf, (the loaves were little pieces of bread cut out with Nurse's best silver thimble,) then all at once, as she was beginning to eat it, Freddy came from behind the door, and Emma said, " Policeman, take that thief!" and they both ran after Rosy. They generally caught Rosy before she could eat the bread, and took her to prison ; the prison was the baby's cradle, and Nurse was the man who kept the prison. Once, when they ran after Rosy, she slipped away somewhere, all at once, and the policeman and baker could not find her ; they looked all over the nursery, and the landing, and the bedrooms, but they could not see her, so at last they sat on one of the beds to think where she could be.

All at once Rosy squeaked out, " Oh, oh ! police-

man, you will kill me !” and out popped her head from under the blankets. She jumped up in a minute, laughing with all her might. The baker said, “ Catch the thief, policeman !” but the policeman got his foot entangled in the blanket and tumbled down ; then Emma began to laugh too, and the thief ran to the shop and took all the bread ; so they all laughed, and called out, “ Stop thief !” Freddy soon got up and ran laughing across the landing, when he fell against Mamma, who was just going into the nursery.

She said, “ Why, Freddy, what makes you so happy ?”

Freddy stopped a minute, then he said, “ Why, it must be the play ; for we have no raisins to-day.”

So Mamma said, “ Now tell me which is best then, play without raisins, or raisins without play ?”

Freddy remembered the raisins in the garden, and he knew he was not so happy while he was eating them alone, as he was just now, being the

The Greedy Little Boy. 45

policeman, and running after Rosy; so he said, " Play, without raisins is the best."

Then Mamma kissed him, and said, " I have brought you some raisins now."

Freddy felt very glad his sisters were with him, and he called out, " Come, Emma and Rosy, here are some raisins, let us play with them. I like nothing so much now as having a nice game with my sweet things." And the three children soon filled the nursery with their happy laughing.

Now which was right, Mamma or Freddy, about what it was that made him happy?





MARY AND ELLEN ; OR, THE
SISTERS WHO QUARRELLED.

MARY and Ellen were sisters ; and they loved each other very much ; yet they often quarrelled. Their Mamma was dead, and their Papa had found a kind nurse to take care of them. This good nurse was very sorry to see her two little girls quarrel so often, and she used sometimes to punish them by making them sit in different rooms ; because she thought, as they loved each other, they would soon wish to be together again, and then be more careful to play happily. They always asked Nurse to forgive them, and promised not to quarrel



MARY AND ELLEN; OR, THE SISTERS WHO QUARRELLED.

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any more, if they might play together again ; but they were almost sure to forget their promise in less than half-an-hour ; and this made poor Nurse quite unhappy.

You must not think that Mary and Ellen ever beat each other, or tried to hurt each other, in any way ; they were not so naughty as that, but they always wished to do as they liked, and never gave up their own wishes for the sake of pleasing each other. I will tell you all about one evening they passed in the drawing-room, with their Papa ; then you will see what I mean.

After Nurse had washed their faces, and taken off their pinafores, they walked down-stairs, taking hold of each other's hands. Mary could walk down faster than Ellen, because she was the eldest ; so she went as fast as she could.

Little Ellen said, " Oh, take care, Mary, you will pull me down ! "

Mary did not stop, but pulled Ellen on, and said, " Make haste, then ! "

She did not mean to hurt Ellen, but she thought it funny to pull her. So as little Ellen could not make more haste, her foot slipped, and she fell down. Papa came running out to see what was the matter.

Mary said, " Ellen would not make haste, so when I did, it pulled her down ; but I am sorry I hurt her."

Mary was sorry, but she did not think how wrong it was of her to go on doing what Ellen asked her not to do. Papa kissed Ellen's knee, and made it well ; then they all went into the drawing-room.

There was a large velvet stool before the fire ; both the little girls were fond of sitting on this, because it was a soft and warm place ; so Ellen made haste to get away from her Papa, that she might run to it ; but Mary reached it first, and sat down. Then Ellen cried, and Papa asked Mary to let Ellen have it, because her knee had been sore ; but Mary said, " It is not sore now ;" and she almost cried too, lest Papa should make her give the stool

The Sisters who Quarrelled. 49

to Ellen. So when Papa saw that both the little girls were unhappy about the stool, he thought it would be best to put it quite away, and he told them to sit on the rug.

Then Papa took out a paper from his pocket, and what do you think was in it? A barking dog for Mary, and a trumpet for Ellen. These pretty toys ought to have made them very happy ; so they did, for a few minutes, but soon Ellen wanted Mary's dog.

Mary cried out, " Oh, no ! you will break it ! " and she held it up over her head, so that Ellen might not be able to reach it.

When little Ellen saw this, she wished to show that she was tall enough to reach it, even there ; so she stood on her toes, and caught hold of it all at once, when Mary did not know what she was going to do. This made the dog fall down, and the fall broke off the dog's head. Now Ellen was very sorry, and said Mary might have the trumpet ; but Mary only cried, and said she liked the dog best.

Ellen felt so unhappy at having broken the dog, that she did not care about blowing her trumpet ; so she began to break it open to see what was inside. Papa was angry with her for doing this, and threw the trumpet in the fire. So you see they did not let the toys make them very happy.

After this, Papa played at throwing them up ; first Mary, then Ellen, then Mary, then Ellen ; over and over again. This was very funny, and they were very happy, till they began both to try if they could not get two throws at once ; instead of each one waiting for her turn. So when Mary had been thrown, Ellen ran to Papa, but Mary ran too ; then their two heads knocked together, and they began to cry. Papa kissed them and made them well, once or twice ; but when they again both pushed towards him at once, and knocked each other, and began to cry, poor Papa grew quite tired of his troublesome little girls, and he rang for Nurse to take them away.

This evening that I have told you about was

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very much like all their evenings. Would you not have thought that two little girls who loved each other, and had a kind Papa, and a good nurse, and nice new toys, and games of being thrown up, must have been very happy ? Yet you see they were often crying, and they were scarcely ever quite merry. They used often to wonder how it was that they were so often unhappy ; but they never found out till the summer came.

Then their Aunt invited them to stay at her house for several weeks. Directly they went there they saw that all the little girls and boys seemed to enjoy themselves all day long, and yet they had not many toys, and were always made to do what their Mamma and their nurses told them. You remember that Mary was older than Ellen, so she began to think a great deal about this, and at last, one day, she thought she would watch and see what it was that her cousins did to make themselves so happy. So she sat in the corner of the nursery with a book on her knee, but looked at what they were doing.

Robert and Carry were playing with the cat. Baby ran up to them all at once, and said, " I want it." Instead of holding the cat over his head, or running away with it, which would have been sure to make baby cry, Robert said, kindly, " No, baby, pussy would scratch you."

Still baby cried, " I want it !"

Then Robert said, " Find a toy for baby, Carry ;" and Carry ran to find a toy.

While she was doing so, Robert held pussy for baby to stroke. Carry soon came with baby's cart full of bricks. Baby ran to the cart, and Robert and Carry played happily with the cat again.

Then Mary saw how much better that was than snatching pussy away without finding something else for baby ; for if they had made baby cry for the cat, Mary was almost sure that Nurse would have put it out of the room, so that there could be no quarrelling about it.

Then she looked a little more, to see how they made themselves so happy. Just then pussy jumped

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away on to a high shelf. Robert was going to reach his hand up for her ; but Carry said, " Let me take her ;" and stepped on a chair. When she saw Robert's hand put out, she stopped, and said, " Oh, never mind, you may !" But Robert said, " Oh, no Carry, not if you wish to do it ; take her yourself, dear !" Then Carry did, and pussy jumped and purred on her shoulder ; so Carry was happy with pussy, and Robert was pleased that he had made Carry happy. If they had quarrelled, most likely pussy would have jumped down while they were quarrelling, or even if one had taken her, it would have made both of them cross and unhappy. Mary thought of all this, and still went on looking at her two happy little cousins.

While she was looking, a servant came in and said, " Your Mamma wants one of you to help to pick up the weeds in the strawberry bed. Which of you will go ?" Both said, " I will." Then the servant said, " You cannot both go ; which shall I take ?" Now, thought Mary, they will be sure to

quarrel, and very likely they will both cry, just as Ellen and I would ; then the servant will not take either of them. But you will see that Mary made a mistake.

Robert said, “ Well, Carry, you may go.”

Carry said, “ I should like it very much ; but still I know you would like it too.”

Then they talked together a little while, and at last they said that as Carry had been out for a walk with Mamma in the morning, when Robert stayed at home, Robert ought to be with her now. Then Robert went smiling down-stairs, and Carry seemed very happy too.

Now Mary thought how much better this was, because, if they had cried and quarrelled ever so much, only one could have gone, and both would have been unhappy with crying. Robert went very happily, because Carry let him go kindly ; he would not have gone half so happily if he had left his sister crying, and calling him unkind.

After a few minutes, Mary went up to Carry

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and said, "How is it that you and Robert never quarrel? Ellen and I cannot help it, even about very little things. I am sure we should have made baby cry about the cat; and we should have quarrelled about which was to take her down from the shelf; and I am quite certain we should have quarrelled and cried very much about which was to weed the strawberry bed."

Then Carry said, "It would have been very silly of us to quarrel, because we should have lost all the treats; and even if we did not lose them, we should have been unhappy. Do you not find that you and Ellen are unhappy, even if you get the treat you quarrel about?"

Mary said, "Yes; indeed, we do!" and she told Carry how they had both lost the velvet stool, because they had cried for it; and how unhappy even the toys made them; and how they lost Papa's throws, because they quarrelled about them. Then she asked Carry if Robert and she were always kind to each other, only lest they should lose all their treats.

Carry said, " Oh, no ! that is not why we are kind to each other. It is because Mamma tells us that God loves little girls and boys who are kind and gentle ; and when God loves people, He almost always makes them happy ; so, while we are trying to be kind, we cannot help making ourselves happy, even though we are only thinking of making each other happy ; because, if we think about each other, then we feel happy ourselves ; for God makes us happy. So when there is a treat that we cannot both have, one has it this time, and the other next time ; that is much better than quarrelling. I think that is what all little children do, if they love God."

Then Mary said, " But I am afraid that I do not love God ; I will ask Him to make me love Him."

Carry said, " Yes, do ; but when you have asked God to make you love Him, be sure you try directly afterwards to be good. I really do think, Mary dear, that nothing makes people love God so much

The Sisters who Quarrelled. 57

as trying to be good. At least, little children like you and me. You cannot think how I love Him when I have been good all day !”

Mary kissed Carry for telling her all this ; and she made up her mind that she would now always think about making Ellen happy, instead of trying to get all the treats for herself. I will not tell you about all the times that she forgot to be kind and gentle, because even if I do not tell you, you can tell quite well how it was ; that whenever she said to Ellen, “ Now you shall not ;” Ellen said, “ Yes, I will ;” and whenever she said, “ You naughty girl, I do not love you !” Ellen said, “ I do not love you either !” But all this is very sad ; and I will make haste to tell you that when Mary always remembered to say, “ No, Ellen dear, do not do that ! it makes me unhappy ;” and when she said, “ You shall have it, dear !” Ellen soon left off answering unkindly, and began to say, “ No, Mary dear, I will not always have the treats ; you have this one.” And so, before another summer came,

Papa could let them be with him all the while he dug in the garden ; and Nurse could give them all sorts of pretty toys, without being afraid they would break them : and when the winter came on, Papa could keep them down in the drawing-room, and let them have the velvet stool, all the evening, while he was reading. So was it not a good thing that they learned to try and make each other happy, instead of quarrelling ?





ELLA AND ALICE; OR, HOW TO
SHOW LOVE.

THERE was once a little girl named Ella, who lived at home with her Mamma, and was in the room with her Mamma almost all day. Ella's Mamma was very kind to her, and used to play with her, and tell her stories, or give her a needle to work with, and thread it for her as often as she liked, or do anything she could think of to make her little girl happy; besides all this, she taught Ella to be good, and took a great deal of trouble to punish her when she was naughty.

Mamma had several ways of punishing Ella; one was locking up a toy; another, making her

stand still in a corner for a long while ; but the worst of all was sending her away, to the nursery, and not allowing her to come down again all day. This was the punishment for anything very naughty indeed, and it used almost to break Ella's little heart. Once, when Ella had told a falsehood, Mamma did not even bid her good-night ; but generally she came up and kissed her before she went to sleep.

You may know that Ella had a very happy life with this kind Mamma, and she used often to say she thought she was the happiest little girl in all the world. And every night, when Ella went to bed, she used to say some pretty prayers, and thank God for giving her such a kind Mamma.

Ella had a Papa too ; but he was a long way off in another country. He was obliged to go there to get money to buy food and clothes for Mamma and his little girl ; he had gone away when Ella was so little, that she could scarcely even remember him. Mamma often cried because he stayed so long

away, but at last she said he would soon be coming back again. Papa wrote long kind letters to Ella ; so, though she could not remember him very well, she loved him, and wished very much that the happy day would come for her to see him.

I am going to tell you about some changes that came to Ella, and I wish you to think whether she behaved well. She loved her Mamma almost more than I can tell you, and she really wished to make her Mamma happy ; so now you shall see if she did all that she could to make this dear Mamma happy.

One day, when Ella was five years old, she was sitting on a stool by the fire, nursing her doll, while Mamma was singing her a song. The servant came in with a letter, and gave it to Mamma. Ella was looking at her doll's pretty blue eyes, and long golden hair, so she did not notice Mamma for a long while ; but when she looked up, to ask her if she had ever seen such a pretty face as dolly's, she saw that Mamma was crying.

Ella jumped up, and put her arms round dear Mamma, and said, " Oh, do tell me what is the matter, Mamma ? "

Mamma said, " Not yet ; I must be alone a little ; go up-stairs till I call you. "

Ella did not do as Mamma told her, but asked a great many times what was the matter ; so at last Mamma rang the bell, and told Nurse to take her away. Directly Ella was up-stairs, she was sorry she had teased dear Mamma, and she told Nurse to go and tell Mamma so ; when Nurse came back, she said Ella might go down again.

Mamma took Ella on her knee, and said, " I have something very sad to tell you ; if you love me, Ella, you will not cry a great deal, or seem very unhappy about it, because I am so unhappy myself, that if I think you are so too, it will make me quite ill. Your dear Papa was coming home in a great ship, and the wind blew the ship quite the wrong way, when he was very near home ; and at last, one dark night, when the people in the ship

did not know where they were, the ship knocked against a very very great stone in the water—a stone bigger than the church—and this broke the ship and made the water come in ; then all the people tried to get into a little boat that they had in the great ship ; some of them fell in the water and were drowned, but dear Papa got safely into the boat, with about forty other people ; then the ship went down to the bottom of the sea. Papa and the other people lived in the boat for three days, and then they came to some dry ground, where they got out. All the while they were in the boat they had nothing to eat, and as soon as they went into a house, they were almost all ill. Poor Papa is the most ill of all, and a kind gentleman in the country where he is has written to tell me all about it, and to say that poor Papa often asks for me, and that he has no money, and that he cannot speak in the same way as the people in that country, so that they can scarcely understand him. I can speak in the same way as those people do, and I could tell them what

Papa said if I were there ; now what do you think I ought to do ? ”

Ella's little face had been growing very red all the while she was hearing these unhappy things about her dear Papa, but she did not cry about them till her Mamma asked her this question ; then, all at once, the tears came running out of her eyes, and she said, “ You ought to go to him ; but do, *do* take me.”

Poor Mamma had been thinking about it, and she saw she could not take Ella, because she was going to nurse Papa, and she would have no time to attend to Ella, and it would have been too expensive to take a maid to take care of her ; besides, it would have taken a long while to get all the things ready for three persons to go, and Mamma wished to go as soon as she could. She was very much afraid that Ella would cry a great deal at being left at home, but she could not help it. She told Ella all these things, and then she hoped, as Ella loved her so much, that she would leave off

crying, and try to be happy about staying at home ; but no, Ella thought it showed she loved Mamma to cry, and make a great noise about losing her ; so she screamed, and held Mamma tightly, and called out, “ Oh, Mamma, Mamma ! do not go away from me ; do not make me so very unhappy. I love you so very much. What shall I do all alone ? It will be like a very very long punishment, never seeing you at all.”

Mamma kissed her, and tried to make her quiet. She said, “ Hush, my darling ! I will come back again. It makes me very unhappy to hear you cry, and say those things. If you really love me, you will not make me so sad.”

But Ella still cried, and she said, “ I shall cry all the while you are away, Mamma ; only think how miserable I shall be, never seeing you at all ! Even one day up in the nursery is such a great punishment—oh, what shall I do ? ”

When Mamma saw that Ella would not leave off

crying, she was obliged to send for Nurse to take her away.

When Ella was gone, Mamma said to the house-keeper, " Since Miss Ella cries so much about losing me, I cannot see her again ; for it will make me quite ill. I must go early to-morrow morning, and I will give her one kiss while she is asleep. If she had behaved quietly, I was going to have had breakfast with her before I went ; but I cannot now. A lady will come for her when I am gone, and she will be at school while I am away. I wish I could have told her about the school—but it would make me ill to see her again.

When Nurse came down from putting Ella to bed, Mamma asked if she was more quiet. Nurse said, " A little, Ma'am." So Mamma went up to say good-night ; but directly Ella saw Mamma, she began crying again, and saying the same things ; so Mamma hurried away, and she thought to herself, " I really must not wake her in the morning, for it makes me too unhappy to hear her cry."

Now I hope that you will never be so unhappy as to lose your dear Mamma for a long while ; but there is one thing you often have to do which is a little like it ;—you have to go up-stairs out of the drawing-room to bed, or to be in the nursery. If you cry when you are sent up, it is very much like Ella, and it makes your Mamma unhappy—besides this, it makes your Mamma say she cannot have you down, lest you should cry when she sends you up—just as Ella's Mamma could not wake her little girl to have breakfast and see her go. Be sure you remember this, and do not tease your dear Mamma with crying, when she is obliged to send you away from her. It does not show that you love her, because, if you loved her, you would not like to tease her. You shall hear how Ella found this out by-and-bye.

The next morning, when Ella woke, a lady was sitting by the bedside. She said, “ My dear little girl, I am come to take care of you while your Mamma is away ; you are to come home with me,

and play with a great many little girls in my house ; and I hope you will soon be happy."

Ella jumped up, and said, " Where is Mamma ? I am going to her." But the lady held her hand, and told her how Mamma had been obliged to go away without waking her, because she could not bear to see her little girl cry again. Then she gave Ella a pretty picture-book, which Mamma had left for her. But Ella would not listen to anything the lady said ; she only cried and called out, " Mamma ! Mamma !"

The good lady was not angry, for she did not feel surprised at the poor little girl's being unhappy at first. She told Nurse to dress her, and give her some breakfast. Ella would not eat any breakfast ; so the lady lifted her into a carriage, and took her away to the school.

When Ella came to the new house, the lady took her into a pretty room, and told her she must try to be happy, as it would make her ill to cry so much. Ella said, " I should like to be ill, then Mamma would see how much I loved her."

The lady said, " That would be very unkind to your dear Mother ; do you not think she is unhappy enough already, about your Father, and about having to leave you? "

Ella did not answer, but only cried more. The good lady tried for a long while to make Ella happy ; but when she found it was of no use, she left her alone, and hoped she would be better the next day.

The next day came, and the lady took her into a large room, with six or seven other little girls in it. All these little girls had been told to be very kind to the poor little girl whose Mamma was gone away ; so they came up and offered her their toys. Ella did not care for toys, she was too unhappy, and she felt frightened at seeing so many little girls whom she did not know ; so she hid her face and cried.

Now I dare say for two or three days she could not help behaving in this way. It was very sad to lose her dear Mamma, and to go among new

people ; but Ella ought to have tried to be happy instead of trying to be unhappy ; she cried so much that in about a week she always had a headache.

When Mamma went away, she asked the lady to write and tell her how Ella was ; and when the time came for the letter, Mamma was very tired with waiting on poor Papa—for he was very very ill, and she almost felt afraid he would die. How happy it would have made her if the letter had said that Ella was very good, and was trying to be happy ; instead of this, poor Mamma heard that Ella was still very unhappy, and that she was a little ill. The lady had promised to tell the truth ; but she felt very sorry to tell Mamma what she knew would trouble her.

When Mamma read the letter she could not help crying, and she said, “ Oh, if my little girl were happy, I should not feel so sad ; but now everything makes me unhappy ! ”

Do you not think it was a great pity that this poor Mamma should be made unhappy about two

people, Papa and Ella too? And do you not think it would have shown that Ella loved Mamma much more, if, instead of crying and making herself ill, she had tried to be good, and had asked the lady to say in her letter, “ Ella is as happy as she can be with you away from her, and she hopes you will not be unhappy about her ?”

Papa was ill a long while ; and when Ella found Mamma did not come back, she grew more ill from crying.

At first, all the little girls tried to make her happy ; but when they found she never answered them, or took their toys, they left off speaking to her ; so she used to sit all alone in a corner and think about Mamma.

One day, as all the little girls were playing, the good lady sent for one of them, named Alice, to go into the drawing-room. Alice stayed a long while, and they did not see her again even at tea-time.

When they were going to bed, the lady said to them, “ Poor Alice has heard to-day that her

Mother is dead ; she has a Father left, and she loves him very much, but she loved her poor Mother, too, quite as much. Her Mother was a long way off when she died, and her Father is in the same place, so he cannot come to her ; I hope you will all be very kind to her to-morrow."

Ella felt very sorry for poor little Alice ; and when she was in bed, she began to think how much more unhappy Alice was than she was. Alice would never see her Mamma again. Then Ella felt quite afraid of seeing Alice the next day, because she thought, " If I cried and screamed at losing Mamma a little while, how very loudly Alice will scream now her Mamma is dead ! "

Alice did not come among the little girls, so Ella thought she must be screaming up-stairs. At last, when she was walking in the garden, she saw Alice sitting very quietly under a tree ; so she went to her, and said, " Oh, Alice, did you not love your Mamma ? "

Alice said, " Oh, yes ! I did love her very much, and I feel as if I could never be happy again ! "

Then Ella said, " But you do not cry and scream as I did when Mamma went away."

Alice said, " No ; because I am older than you are, and I know better how to show that I loved her. When she was alive she tried to make me good, and I know if she could see me now, she would like me not to be troublesome ; so I try not to make all the people here unhappy ; besides, I love my Papa, and it would make him very unhappy if he heard I was crying and screaming. If you really love your Mamma, you ought to try to be good and happy so as to please her."

Then poor little Alice began to cry, and said, " Oh, how I wish my Mamma was only a long way off, like your Mamina ! How much I would try to be good to please her ! " And she walked away.

Ella thought a great deal of what Alice had said. She began to think it was very naughty of her to cry so much about losing Mamma only a little while, when God might one day take her

away altogether, as He had taken Alice's Mamma; and then it made her almost frightened to think she even deserved to lose her. She remembered, too, that her dear Papa was very ill; and then she began to be afraid he might die, to punish her for being naughty as to make every one unhappy.

Just then the kind lady came out to Ella, and said, " Ella dear, I am come to tell you how very unhappy it makes me to write again to your Mamma, and say you are not more good, or more happy, than you were when I wrote before."

Ella said, " But I am now;" and she told the lady all that she had been thinking.

Then the lady kissed her, and said, " I am very glad you have thought at last how cruel it was to make your dear Mother unhappy; if I see you more good, and more happy, I shall believe you love her."

Ella said, " Did you not believe it before?"

The lady said, " No; if you had loved her you would have tried to please her, and to make her

happy. When Alice's Mother was alive, Alice loved her, and she was always trying to learn something, or to do something, to please her. When I saw you cry and scream, I thought you liked to have your Mamma with you, because she made you happy ; but I did not think you loved her."

Now I dare say you do not quite understand what the lady meant ; because you think if Ella liked to have her Mamma with her, she must have loved her. But I will try to make you understand. You like to have a fire with you in cold weather ; but you do not love the fire ; supposing you were going away, you would never think about the fire again. If a cross man were doing something amusing in the street, like playing at Punch and Judy, you would like to have him there, and would be sorry for him to go away, because you would like to see him doing the amusing thing ; but you would not love him, if you knew he was cross. So the lady thought Ella liked her Mamma to be

with her, because she played with her, and told her stories, and threaded her needle for her ; but she thought Ella could not love her, or else she would try to please her. Good Mammas, who love their children, often send them up-stairs for punishment, when they would like much better to have them down-stairs ; and so good little girls, who love their Mammas, often stay up-stairs when their Mammas are busy, though they would like much better to be with their Mammas ;—but if they did not love their Mammas, they would think about pleasing themselves, not about pleasing their Mammas.

The good lady told Ella all this ; and then she told Ella to go up-stairs and pray to God not to punish her, and ask God to make her a good girl. Ella did so ; and then she ran down to the play-room, and she began to play with the other little girls.

In a few days Ella found it was very happy to be at school ; and, though she often wished to have

her dear Mamma with her, yet she could enjoy herself very much with all the little girls.

Now I must tell you what Mamma was doing.

Before the lady wrote to say that Ella was growing good and happy, Papa was getting better, and he said one day, " Since Ella seems so ill and unhappy, you had better go home to her ; I think I can do without you now ; and it makes me very unhappy to think of our little girl crying all day."

So Mamma said she thought she must go, lest Ella should be ill ; yet it made her very sorry to leave Papa before he was quite well.

The next day, just as Mamma was getting her things put into a box, so that she might go home to Ella, a letter came to tell her that Ella was growing good, and playing with the other little girls, and not crying any more ; then Mamma said, " Oh, how happy this makes me ! It almost broke my heart to go away from you before you were quite well !"

Now you will see what a good thing it was that Mamma did not go. That very night, all at once, some blood began to pour out of poor Papa's mouth, and if he had been alone he would have died ; but Mamma was there, and she called the servants, and they fetched a doctor, and the doctor stopped the blood. How shocking it would have been if Ella had made Mamma go home by her naughty behaviour, and poor Papa had died ! It would not have seemed as if she loved Mamma much, to make her so very very unhappy as to lose the dear Husband who was just come back to her after so many sad and lonely years.

After a few weeks Papa was quite well again. All the while Ella had been trying to learn to read, and she had been so good that the lady always wrote to say Ella was one of the best little girls in her school.

One day Ella was fast asleep when she felt some one kissing her ; she put out her arm, and felt a dear soft throat leaning over her. When she

opened her eyes, it was Mamma. Just as Ella was jumping up to kiss her, she saw a kind gentleman too—that was her dear Papa! I cannot tell you half how happy she was ; but if you love your Papa and Mamma you will know.

Then Ella went home again, and had a Papa and Mamma too, to love her and make her happy.

Ella knew now that if she wanted to show how much she loved them, she was to try to make them happy ; and I am glad to say she was a very good girl, and she did make them more and more happy every year she lived.

THE END.



